

L. 411-1
Sch 64
V. 5 C. 2
1571-72
49557

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME V.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 9, 1871.

NUMBER 1.

Important.

Persons sending letters or any other mail matter to Notre Dame or St. Mary's should bear in mind that there is a *regular post-office here*, consequently all mail matter for Notre Dame should be addressed simply—NOTRE DAME, INDIANA; and all mail matter for St. Mary's, should be addressed—

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

The observance of this caution will secure the safe transmission of letters, etc., to these places, and prevent much annoyance arising from letters being mis-sent.

P. M.

"ERIC," a story illustrating school-life in England, will no doubt be very interesting not only to our young readers, but to the older ones also. It is on that account we publish it from a copy kindly furnished us by Mr. A. A. Brown, though we do not coincide with the author in some of his views. Some of the old students of Notre Dame, who have been new-comers and gone through the process of being "broken in," and who now have sons to take their place at College, will remember with pleasure that the brutal conduct of "Barker" could never take place here, and that prompt and condign punishment would follow any attempt at such bullying.—Ed.

ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

By FREDERIC W. FARRAR,
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

PART FIRST. CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

Ah dear delights, that o'er my soul
On Memory's wing like shadows fly!
Ah flowers that Joy from Eden stole,
While Innocence stood laughing by.—Coleridge.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" cried a young boy, as he capered vigorously about, and clapped his hands, "Papa and mamma will be home in a week now, and then we shall stay here a little time, and then, and then, I shall go to school."

The last words were enunciated with immense importance, as he stopped his impromptu dance before the chair where his sober cousin Fanny was patiently working at her crotchet; but she did not look so much affected by the announcement as the boy seemed to demand, so he again exclaimed, "And then, Miss Fanny, I shall go to school."

"Well, Eric," said Fanny, raising her matter-of-fact quiet face from her endless work, "I doubt, dear, whether you will talk of it with quite as much joy a year hence."

"O ay, Fanny, that's just like you to say so; you're always talking and prophesying; but never mind, I'm going to school, so, hurrah! hurrah!

hurrah!" and he again began his capering,—jumping over the chairs, trying to vault the tables, singing and dancing with an exuberance of delight, till catching a sudden sight of his little spaniel Flo. he sprang through the open window into the garden, and disappeared behind the trees of the shrubbery; but Fanny still heard his clear, ringing, silvery laughter, as he continued his games in the summer air.

She looked up from her work after he had gone, and sighed. In spite of the sunshine and balm of the bright weather, a sense of heaviness and foreboding oppressed her. Everything looked smiling and beautiful, and there was an almost irresistible contagion in the mirth of her young cousin, but still she could not help feeling sad. It was not merely that she would have to part with Eric, "but that bright boy," thought Fanny, "what will become of him? I have heard strange things of schools; oh, if he should be spoilt and ruined, what misery it would be. Those baby lips, that pure young heart, a year may work sad change in their words and thoughts!" She sighed again, and her eyes glistened as she raised them upwards, and breathed a silent prayer.

She loved the boy dearly, and had taught him from his earliest years. In most things she found him an apt pupil. Truthful, ingenuous, quick, he would acquire almost without effort any subject that interested him, and a word was often enough to bring the impetuous blood to his cheeks, in a flush of pride or indignation. He required the gentlest teaching, and had received it, while his mind seemed cast in such a mould of stainless honor, that he avoided most of the weaknesses to which children are prone. But he was far from blameless. He was proud to a fault; he well knew that few of his fellows had gifts like his, either of mind or person, and his fair face often shewed a clear impression of his own superiority. His passion, too, was imperious, and though it always met with prompt correction, his cousin had latterly found it difficult to subdue. She felt, in a word, that he was outgrowing her rule. Beyond a certain age no body of spirit can be safely guided by a woman's hand alone.

Eric Williams was now twelve years old. His father was a civilian in India, and was returning on furlough to England, after a long absence. Eric had been born in India, but had been sent to England by his parents at an early age, in charge of a lady friend of his mother. The parting, which had been agony to his father and mother, he was too young to feel; indeed the moment itself passed by without his being conscious of it. They took him on board the ship, and, after a time, gave him a hammer and some nails to play with. These had always been to him a supreme delight, and while he hammered away, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, denying themselves, for the child's sake, even one more tearful embrace, went ashore in the boat and left him. It was not till the ship sailed that he was told he would not see them again for a long, long time. Poor child, his tears and cries were piteous when he first understood it; but the sorrows of four years old are very transient, and before a

week was over, little Eric felt almost reconciled to his position, and had become the universal pet and plaything of every one on board, from Captain Broadland down to the cabin-boy, with whom he very soon struck up an acquaintance. Yet twice a day, at least, his mirth would be checked as he lisped his little prayer, kneeling at Mrs. Munro's knee, and asked God "to bless his dear, dear father and mother, and make him a good boy."

When Eric arrived in England, he was intrusted to the care of a widowed aunt, whose daughter, Fanny, had the main charge of his early teaching. At first, the wayward little Indian seemed likely to form no accession to the quiet household, but he soon became its brightest ornament and pride. Everything was in his favour at the pleasant home of Mrs. Trevor. He was treated with motherly kindness and tenderness, yet firmly checked when he went wrong. From the first he had a well-spring of strength against temptation, in the long letters which every mail brought from his parents; and all his childish affections were entwined round the fancied image of a brother born since he had left India. In his bed-room there hung a cherub's head, drawn in pencil by his mother, and this winged child was inextricably identified in his imagination with his "little brother Vernon." He loved it dearly, and whenever he went astray, nothing weighed on his mind so strongly as the thought, that if he were naughty he would teach little Vernon to be naughty too when he came home.

And Nature also—wisest, gentlest, holiest of teachers—was with him in his childhood. Fairholm Cottage, where his aunt lived, was situated in the beautiful Vale of Ayrtton, and a clear stream ran through the valley at the bottom of Mrs. Trevor's orchard. Eric loved this stream, and was always happy as he roamed by its side, or over the low green hills and scattered dingles which lent unusual loveliness to every winding of its waters. He was allowed to go about a good deal by himself, and it did him good. He grew up fearless and self-dependent, and never felt the want of amusement. The garden and orchard supplied him a theatre for endless games and romps, sometimes with no other companion than his cousin and his dog, and sometimes with the few children of his own age whom he knew in the hamlet. Very soon he forgot all about India; it only hung like a distant golden haze on the horizon of his memory. When asked if he remembered it, he would say thoughtfully, that in dreams and at some other times, he saw a little boy, with long curly hair, running about in a flower-garden, near a great river, in a place where the air was very bright. But whether the little boy was himself or his brother Vernon, whom he had never seen, he couldn't quite tell.

But, above all, it was happy for Eric that his training was religious and enlightened. With Mrs. Trevor and her daughter, religion was not a system but a habit—not a theory but a continued act of life. All was simple, sweet, and unaffected, about their charity and their devotions. They loved God, and they did all the good they could to those around them. The floating gossip and ill-nature of the little village never affected them; it melted

away insensibly in the presence of their cultivated minds; so that friend-ship with them was a bond of union among all, and from the vicar to the dairyman every one loved and respected them, asked their counsel, and sought their sympathy.

They called themselves by no sectarian name, nor could they have told to what "party" they belonged. They troubled themselves with no theories of education, but mingled gentle nurture with "wholesome neglect." There was nothing exotic or constrained in the growth of Eric's character. He was not one of the angelically good children at all, and knew none of the phrases of which infant prodigies are supposed to be so fond. But to be truthful, to be honest, to be kind, to be brave, these lessons had been taught him, and he never quite forgot them; nor amid the sorrows of after life did he ever quite lose the sense—learned at dear quiet Fairholm—of a present loving God, of a tender and long-suffering Father.

As yet he could be hardly said to know what school was. He had been sent indeed to Mr. Lawley's grammar school for the last half-year, and had learned a few declensions in his Latin. But as Mr. Lawley allowed his upper class to hear the little boys their lessons, Eric had managed to get on pretty much as he liked. Only *once* in the entire half-year had he said a lesson to the dreadful master himself, and of course it was a ruinous failure, involving some tremendous pulls of Eric's hair, and making him tremble like a leaf. Several things combined to make Mr. Lawley dreadful to his imagination. Ever since he was quite little, he remembered hearing the howls which proceeded from the "Latin school" as he passed by, whilst some luckless youngster was getting caned; and the reverend pedagogue was notoriously passionate. Then, again, he spoke so indistinctly with his deep gruff voice, that Eric never could and never did understand a word he said, and this kept him in a perpetual terror. Once Mr. Lawley had told him to go out, and see what time it was by the church clock. Only hearing that he was to do something, too frightened to ask what it was, and feeling sure that even if he did, he should not make out what the master meant, Eric ran out, went straight to Mr. Lawley's house, and, after having managed by strenuous jumps to touch the knocker, informed the servant "that Mr. Lawley wanted his man."

"What man?" said the maid-servant, "the young man? or the butler? or is it the clerk?"

Here was a puzzler! all Eric knew was that he was in the habit of sending sometimes for one or other of these functionaries; but he was in for it, so with a faltering voice he said, "the young man" at hazard, and went back to the Latin school.

"Why have you been so long?" roared Mr. Lawley, as he timidly entered. Fear entirely prevented Eric from hearing the exact question, so he answered at random, "He's coming, sir." The master seeing by his scared look that something was wrong, waited to see what would turn up,

Soon after, in walked "the young man," and coming to the astonished Mr. Lawley, bowed, scraped, and said: "Master Williams said you sent for me, sir."

"A mistake," growled the schoolmaster, turning on Eric a look which nearly petrified him; he quite expected a book at his head, or at best a great whack of the cane; but Mr. Lawley had naturally a kind heart, soured as it was, and pitying perhaps the child's white face, he contented himself with the effects of his look.

The simple truth was that poor Mr. Lawley was a little wrong in the head. A scholar and a gentleman, early misfortunes and an imprudent marriage had driven him to the mastership of the little country grammar school; and here the perpetual annoyance caused to his reffed mind by the

coarseness of clumsy or spiteful boys, had gradually unhinged his intellect. Often did he tell the boys "that it was an easier life by far to break stones by the roadside than to teach them;" and at last his eccentricities became too obvious to be any longer overlooked.

The dénouement of his history was a tragic one, and had come a few days before the time when our narrative opens. It was a common practice among the Latin-school boys, as I suppose among all boys, to amuse themselves by putting a heavy book on the top of a door left partially ajar, and to cry out, "Crown him!" as the first luckless youngster who happened to come in received the book thundering on his head. One day, just as the trap had been adroitly laid, Mr. Lawley walked in unexpectedly. The moment he entered the school-room, down came an Ainsworth's Dictionary on the top of his hat, and the boy, concealed behind the door, unconscious of who the victim was, enunciated with mock gravity, "Crown him! three cheers!"

It took Mr. Lawley a second to raise from his eyebrows the battered hat, and recover from his confusion; the next instant he was springing after the boy who had caused the mishap, and who, knowing the effects of the master's fury, fled with precipitation. In one minute the offender was caught, and Mr. Lawley's heavy hand fell recklessly on his ears and back, until he screamed with terror. At last, by a tremendous writhe, wrenching himself free, he darted towards the door, and Mr. Lawley, too exhausted to pursue, snatched his large gold watch out of his fob, and hurled it at the boy's retreating figure. The watch flew through the air,—crash! it had missed its aim, and, striking the wall above the lintel, fell smashed into a thousand shivers.

The sound, the violence of the action, the sight of the broken watch, which was the gift of a cherished friend, instantly awoke the master to his senses. The whole school had seen it; they sat there pale and breathless with excitement and awe. The poor man could bear it no longer. He flung himself into his chair, hid his face with his hands, and burst into hysterical tears. It was the outbreak of feelings long pent up. In that instant all his life passed before him—its hopes, its failures, its miseries, its madness. "Yes," he thought, "I am mad."

Raising his head, he cried wildly, "Boys, go! I am mad!" and sank again into his former position, rocking himself to and fro. One by one the boys stole out, and he was left alone. The end is soon told. Forced to leave Ayrton, he had no means of earning his daily bread; and the weight of this new anxiety hastening the crisis, the handsome, proud scholar became an inmate of the Brerely Lunatic Asylum. A few years afterwards Eric heard that he was dead. Poor, broken human heart! may he rest in peace.

Such was Eric's first school and schoolmaster. But although he learnt little there, and gained no experience of the character of others or of his own, yet there was one point about Ayrton Latin School which he never regretted: It was the mixture there of all classes. On those benches gentlemen's sons sat side by side with plebeians, and no harm, but only good, seemed to come from the intercourse. The neighboring gentry, most of whom had begun their education there, were drawn into closer and kindlier union with their neighbors and dependants, from the fact of having been their associates in the days of their boyhood. Many a time afterwards, when Eric, as he passed down the streets, interchanged friendly greetings with some young glazier or tradesman whom he remembered at school, he felt glad that thus early he had learnt practically to dispense the accidental and nominal differences which separate man from man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Mysticism of Number.

PART I.—NUMBERS EVOLVED FROM UNITY.

§ 1.—THE NUMBER THREE.

One is not a number; albeit all numbers are produced by its repetition. And the first number naturally evolved from *one* is *three*.

It may seem that duality should stand before triplicity. But duality cannot stand.

Observe first in *matter*, how it requires three dimensions to constitute its distinctive attribute of extension. Represent to your mind a cube; the form by which all solidity is measured. Its length is equal to its breadth, and its breadth to its height. Each of the three dimensions possesses whole and entire all the attributes of the other two. There is no distinction of greater or less among them. Yet, let one dimension alone be taken away and the cube disappears. What remains is, if you will, a mathematical quantity—an area—capable of measurement indeed, but not capable of containing matter. In the material world, then, *two* cannot stand alone.

Observe again in *mind*, how three powers, the will, memory and understanding, are necessary to constitute it. How, when the memory begins to fail, the whole mind begins to be confused. Reflect that if the memory were entirely annihilated, the mind could not survive. So in regard to the will, if it were destroyed, what power could command, the exercise of the other two? And to the mind, eternal inaction would be annihilation, for it exists only in its activity. Again, deprive the mind of its understanding, and . . . But it is evident that in mind, *two* cannot stand alone.

Again, in the *grace of God*, observe triplicity in faith, hope, and charity; in the evangelical counsels of poverty, chastity, and obedience; in the good works of prayer, fasting, and alms; in the Church of Christ, as militant, triumphant, and suffering.

Observe also a triplicity in *rational speech*: the voice, the word, and the breath (*spiritus*). These three are coeval, for although the word is generated by the voice, yet the voice is not heard before the word which it utters, and by the word is the voice made known. The breath, proceeding at the same time from both, carries the word to the ears of all that will receive it.

See it again in *human existence*, for to live as a man is to *be, to do, to suffer*. The cry of the newborn infant expresses all this. For in uttering the sound, as the child *does*, it proves that it *is*, and since the sound is a cry, that it *suffers*. The same may be said of the last groan of the dying.

But study well the *powers of nature* and you will find everywhere a latent triplicity. You will see her disposing matter in three states—the solid, the liquid, and the gaseous. In music you will find three tones which form a single chord. In light, three colored rays, which blended, form clear white.

Finally, in the *human act* there is a triplicity of the thought, the word, and the deed. The thought, whose origin is perhaps unknown to the mind to which it suggests itself; the word,—not necessarily a spoken word,—but the interior word by which the thought makes itself understood, and the deed—that interior act by which the mind accepts the thought and makes it its own. Now, albeit this last alone is the human act, yet its existence presupposes that of the other two.

To show geometrically the symmetry of the number three, take three circles of the terrestrial globe, as (1) the equator, (2) the circle formed by meridians 0 and 180°, and (3) the circle formed by meridians 90° E. and 90° W.; which circles divide the globe into equal and symmetrical parts, and form the skeleton of a sphere. S.

Does the Study of Nature Lead to Irreligion?

ADDRESS FROM THE SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT,
DELIVERED BY JOHN M. GEARIN,
LAST COMMENCEMENT,
JUNE 21, 1871.

Respected Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Among the many thoughts which, in mazy masses, throng upon our minds on this, our Commencement Anniversary, it were difficult to reduce even a few to coherency,—far more difficult to express these few in terms worthy the approbation of you who have honored us with your presence to-day. Yet it would seem, that in this joyous time of God's creation, Nature herself might furnish a theme which, by its own charms and attractiveness, would, like the brilliant gem in the poorest setting, attract your attention solely to itself, shielding from your criticism, and robing in a flood of light, that which holds it up to your view. Nature has clothed herself in splendor for this occasion, and, with glad voice, bids welcome to you, our honored guests, to this seat of learning and instruction,—this favored spot over which she has cast a mantle of beauty, and woven garlands and flowery chaplets round the brow of our own, our cherished Notre Dame. What more presumptuous than that you should feel the attractions of Nature's beauties; what more natural than that we should *speak* to-night of her whose budding charms we have seen develop around us in the last five months of our College course!

We sometimes here it said that the study of Nature leads to irreligion, and the Natural Sciences are but the guides to infidelity. Was ever an assertion more absurd? Was ever a man more the dupe of his own blind impulses and tendencies than he who first gave birth to this monstrous conception? That Nature should lead to irreligion, and Science to infidelity! And why? Because, forsooth, infidels have written learnedly concerning the creation around us, and some Scientific men, or rather men so called (for they were not so in reality) have forsaken religion and originated infernal systems, unscientific in their nature and evil in their tendency. Behold the only argument! Judge ye of the validity of the cause, for well is the reason advanced worthy of the theory which it is meant to maintain.

Where in the wide domain of the universe do we find anything animate or inanimate that is calculated to infuse into us a spirit of irreligion? Look into the mineral world! Go down among the caves and windings of the earth, and then surrounded by hidden gems and priceless treasures, and dazzled by the brightness, richness, and brilliancy of those beautiful forms that have never seen the light of day, can you speak—can you *think* of irreligion? You hold in your hand one of the crystals, and are lost in astonishment. A form so perfect that never before have you seen its counterpart. Never has man produced anything so admirable,—never can man conceive of an accuracy equal to what you see before you. You admire the workmanship, you are charmed with the thing created; but there is another feeling within you. The soul, filled with love and gratitude, inspires you with a feeling of awe and veneration; and in the clear transparency of the gem you see engraved—not irreligion, but the sweet and holy name of the Creator. And in the living, breathing world around us, do we not find subject enough for thought and reflection?

Examine our own frames and see the wonderful mechanism by means of which life is carried on within us, and the blood propelled through those arteries to every portion of our bodies. Look around on the vegetable creation, now in the

bloom and freshness of active vitality! See those woods and fields decked with flowers and blossoms and clothed with a rich and ever-varying mantle of vegetation! See those flowers that droop and blush 'neath the weight of their own loveliness, hiding themselves amid the wreath of foliage around them, yet beautiful as only man's fondest dreams can conceive of beauty! Look away to the West, where the setting sun sinks from our sight, leaving behind him an entrancing vision of splendor that in an instant melts away and is gone forever! From the contemplation of these things do we pass to irreligion? Never! In the diffused and ever-living beauty of God's creation around us, we see but typified the honor and adoration of Him who created it. And does the Astronomer's telescope, among the worlds which it traverses, teach us irreligion, too; "winging its flight from star to star, from world to luminous world as far as the universe spreads its flaming wall," does the imagination find inducements for denying the God whose presence is proclaimed in every particle of matter around? God forbid that it should! God forbid that we should ignore Him of whom all this wondrous harmony and beauty is but the faint reflection! God forbid that we should wilfully close our ears when the universe, acting as the oracle of its great Invisible Author, tells us: "Take all the pleasures of all the spheres, and multiply each through endless years, one minute of heaven is worth them all!" Would we go farther, and, looking in upon our own minds, reflect on the workings of that intellect—that strange, undefinable power with which we are endowed? Ah! then would we perceive that bright spark of intelligence proclaiming to us in its omniscient origin. Itself but a ray thrown off from the glorious refulgence of the Almighty, it turns into a delicious cordial the little cup of life's miseries, and fringes with a bright coronet of golden splendor even the darkest clouds that float across life's horizon. It speaks to us in its own eloquent way of another world purer and brighter than this. Else how are we to interpret those bright visitations of thought which we have all felt at times?—evanescent dreams of loveliness, which, like ecstatic visions, thrill our souls by their beauty and float away, leaving them an ever-living, ever-fascinating source of joy! Do not these ethereal visions whisper to our souls as they pass over them, of a world from which they came, bearing sweet tidings of kindred joy to the wandering spirits of this earth, and to which they are returning to bask in the sunshine of unalloyed happiness?

We feel there is within us the impenetration of a divinity that has come, we know not how, and departs, we know not when; yet beautiful and brighter even in the saddest hours of adversity. Why, then, with such manifest and eloquent proofs around and within us, of the contrary are we told that Nature leads us to irreligion? Where can the advocates of this theory find proofs for their assertions? From a false premise these men have argued to a false conclusion. Into a fathomless abyss they have plunged in search of mythical truth, neglecting and wilfully closing their eyes to the bright reality that shined its summit.

Far away, hid in an intricate labyrinth of doubt and obscurity, have they perceived the faint glimmering of a light, and forsaking the glorious brightness that surrounded them, have lost themselves amid the mazy web, pursuing to their destruction this *ignis fatuus* of Science. In mid-air and with much toil and labor have they reared and embellished an edifice which in their fond dreams they imagined would be permanent. But shall it? Yea,—as permanent as that mystic lace-work which, in early morning, shrouds the flowers and blossoms of the field. As it vanishes at the approach of day, so will this foundationless super-

struction melt away when the first rays of truth's glorious light fall upon it. When God placed us on this earth, as at a resting place on our road to eternity, He spread over and around the stern realities of this life a bright veil of delightful mystery, and implanted within our souls the desire to enjoy its fascinations, and the power, if we would so use it, of gently laying aside its folds, and seeing revealed the workings of the Great Invisible, who called it and us into being. This power was given to us as a means whereby we might instruct ourselves in the ways of the Creator, and shall we not know it? Nature is a limpid stream which reflects in all its favored loveliness the glorious panorama of Creation. Shall we not gaze into its pearly depths, and, with rapturous admiration, read those grand secrets which otherwise we should have never known, and none but the Creator can communicate? And if in doing this, some, lost in admiration for the things created, have forgotten their Creator and wandered from the path of truth, shall we blame Nature for it? Most certainly, no; but rather that weak and frail disposition with which man is endowed since his fall, and which often turns the purest blessings of this life into causes of sin. But in our love for the visible effect, let us never forget the Invisible Cause, and wandering among Nature's treasures and blissful meads let us always remember the true, the only end of Science: "To look through Nature up to Nature's God."

CUTE.—"Ma," said a brilliant little girl of four or five summers to her mother, "will Pa be home to-day?" "No, my dear," answered the mother, "he will not be home till to-morrow." Such had been the understanding, but "Pa," having succeeded in arranging his affairs sooner than he had expected, *did* return that day. Next day the same little girl addressed her mother: "Ma, do you tell stories?" "Why no, my dear," replied the mother, a little anxiously; "what made you think so?" "Why," said the child, "you said Pa wouldn't come home yesterday, and he did; wasn't that a story?" "Oh no," said the mother, desirous to remove the wrong impression from the mind of her child; "I did not expect Pa home yesterday, and when I said he would not come I really believed he would not, so it was not a story but only a *mistake* ." The little one pondered a moment as if trying to comprehend the distinction, then with a satisfied air said: "Oh, it was only a mistake," and ran off to find her little brothers and sisters, who it appears had been previously discussing the circumstance and debating the possibility of their mother's telling a story. When she had joined the little group, she exclaimed with an air of superior knowledge: "Now, Ma doesn't tell stories." "But didn't she say Pa wouldn't come, and then he did, and that's a story," said one of her little brothers. The little one drew herself up with great dignity and looked at the speaker with an expression of deep pity for his ignorance and said: "But Ma thought he wouldn't come, and I tell you she doesn't tell stories—she only tells *mistakes* ." The rest were silenced, and soon were as thoroughly interested in their childish games as if nothing had happened, while all seemed to rejoice that "Ma only told *mistakes* ."

A LONG STRING OF KNOWS(ES).—Frank Paterson, becoming somewhat enthusiastic in the praise of his friend Will Preston's acquirements, broke forth into the following sentence: "I say Will Preston knows all that any one can know, and I know that he knows all that he does know, and he knows that I know that he knows all that he does know, and if any one knows more than Will Preston knows, I should like to know all that such a one knows, and then I would like to know who could know more than I would then know."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

*Published every Week during Term
Time, at*

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

All communications should be sent to Editors SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Indiana.

TERMS:

One year \$2 00
Single copies (10c) of the publication can be obtained at the Students' Office.

Notre Dame Scholastic For 1871-72.

It is with pleasure that we are able to announce to our friends that the SCHOLASTIC will appear every week of the scholastic year, instead of only once in every two weeks, as heretofore.

Many of our subscribers expressed their wishes to us last year to this effect, alleging that it was more agreeable to parents to hear from their sons and daughters every week.

We would have been much pleased to comply with their wishes, but circumstances prevented us. This year the valuable acquisitions to the Editorial staff, especially in the person of one who has always largely contributed to the columns of the SCHOLASTIC, render it comparatively easy to publish the paper every week. Still, we take credit to ourselves to the extent of asking a liberal support from our friends in return for our additional efforts to please them.

Our plan this year is the same as last. First of all to have a college paper in which the parents and friends of our Students may find everything of interest that may transpire within the College walls. And were this the only object of the paper, it would be well worth the money that is paid for subscription, both as a record of actual events, and years after, when bound and preserved on the shelves of the library, as an interesting book of reference.

But the SCHOLASTIC is not a mere record of College life. In a literary point of view the Editors are determined to make it worthy of its many readers outside of the College, a great number of whom are old Students of Notre Dame. On this point, however, we shall let the SCHOLASTIC speak for itself.

At College.

Going to College is usually considered a step of no little importance, and those who take that view of the case are certainly quite right in their judgment. However, the importance of the fact does not consist so much in going to College as it does in doing what one ought to do while there.

Passing over, as unworthy of notice, those few cases in which young men go to College with a view to spending their time in a sort of systematic indolence, we may safely say that all who enter College, do so for the purpose of learning something useful, and of developing their minds in such a manner as to fit themselves to become, during life, not only successful but also useful members of society. The important question is, how this work of preparation for a useful life is to be done.

The student is not expected to understand how to proceed in the work of his own education,—for otherwise he would not need to place himself

under the direction of others, and yet every student, on entering College, should have at least a general plan of action, determined on in his own mind, and use the assistance of others only in the execution of that plan. Experience, however, proves that many students, perhaps a majority of them, have no definite object in view, when they go to College, beyond that general wish to learn, and finding so many things to learn, they either overburden themselves with studies, in the vague hope of learning all at once, and thus expose themselves to serious physical injury from excessive labor, or they become discouraged on seeing all there is to be learned, and the folly of attempting to embrace the entire field of knowledge at once, and yet not knowing precisely what special branches of study it would be most advantageous to them to cultivate, they become desultory in their studies, and their minds are constantly distracted by a desire to change from one thing to another, as if they wished to get a taste of each science in turn, without mastering any. In either of these cases they fail in a greater or less degree, to attain the object for which they entered College, however good their intentions may be, or however sincere may be their desire to become solidly educated. To aid our young readers, who are now entering upon a new term of study, to derive all the advantage possible from their labors, we propose to offer a few suggestions by which we trust they will strive to profit.

Education has three grand departments: moral, intellectual and physical. Our moral education consists in the development of the moral sentiments, such as veneration, benevolence, conscientiousness, etc., and in controlling the passions. This department cannot be neglected by any one who wishes to become a useful member of society; but as it belongs specially to the religious teacher—although in its general principles it belongs equally to the school-room—we will not dwell upon it for the present. Physical education, though often sadly neglected, is nevertheless sufficiently understood to justify our passing it over also for the present. We propose, therefore, to speak of intellectual education, as it constitutes the special object of school-room instruction.

Intellectual education, so far as the School or College is concerned, consists in developing the powers and faculties of the mind, by a systematic drill in the principles of the various arts and sciences. It may be complete and comprise all the principles which underlie the fabric of human knowledge, or it may be partial, embracing only certain departments of knowledge; finally, a partial education may be general in its character, and embrace the primary principles of all branches of knowledge, or it may be special and include only those branches which pertain specially to some particular avocation in life.

A complete education is by all means to be preferred, when time and means permit the young student to pursue a full course of study, and for those who desire to secure the superior advantages of this species of education, the only wise plan is to begin with the lowest branches of study and proceed gradually to those of a higher grade, applying the mind at one time only to those studies which have a close natural affinity to one another, and above all never trying to grasp too much at a time. A complete education prepares a man for general usefulness, and enables him in after life to take a leading part in any enterprise of utility or refinement.

But it is not given to all to secure the advantages of a thorough education, and no doubt the majority of men—even of those who enter College—are obliged by circumstances to be content with a partial education. Of the two species of partial education, that which we have termed *special* is greatly to be preferred, if we consider it in refer-

ence to utility; and considering the fact that the vast majority of men are obliged to labor in one way or another for a livelihood, utility should be, after all, the principle standard of education, not only for those who at present foresee that they will be obliged to labor for a livelihood, but also for those whose fortune seems to promise them a life of ease and enjoyment; for an accident may at any moment deprive them of their wealth, and it is well to be prepared for the emergency. A partial education of the general kind may, it is true, enable a man to pass, in general society, for a well-informed or even brilliant individual, but unless it be accompanied by a special fitness for some department of usefulness, it will never render him a useful member of society, nor recommend him to consideration outside of the drawing-room. Hence we pass over this species of education, as not being particularly desirable, and confine ourselves to a few suggestions on special education.

The first thing to be done on entering upon a course of special studies, is to determine the particular avocation upon which one proposes to enter. Having fixed upon that position in life for which he thinks himself most naturally adapted, the young man should consult some prudent person who has labored successfully in that particular sphere, and learn from him what branches of knowledge are required in such a pursuit, and, likewise, what branches are useful. Then, on entering College, he should apply himself to the study of those branches which have been pronounced necessary, beginning with the simplest elements and proceeding gradually. When he has mastered the necessary studies, if he have time still at his disposal, he should apply himself to those branches which are useful, and in the meantime should carefully avoid burdening his mind with studies which, however attractive or even useful in themselves, have no affinity with his chosen sphere in life. Should he still have time at his disposal, he would do well to devote it to the acquisition of general knowledge, always, however, preferring those branches which bear the closest relationship to his special avocation.

One great mistake should be carefully guarded against by every student, and that is the foolish desire to advance too rapidly. The mind, like the stomach, can digest only a certain amount of food in a given time, and all over and above what is properly digested is a clog and a detriment. Many students, likewise, make a great mistake in wishing to enter higher classes than those for which they are really fit, as if the number or degree of their class were a criterion of their proficiency in knowledge, while the fact is, that those who do, by any means, work themselves into a higher class than they are qualified for, are by the very fact greatly retarded in their real progress, and leave College with a sort of mutilated education. Students, then, should cheerfully submit to the guidance of those to whom they have confided the care of their education, and not undertake to direct those who are better qualified to direct them than they are to direct themselves. It rarely occurs, of course, that a student succeeds in pushing himself forward beyond his qualifications, though it may sometimes happen, yet the mere desire or attempt to do so is a serious detriment, as it renders the young man dissatisfied with his proper position and distracts his mind from its proper sphere of action, and thereby retards his progress.

If students would only labor systematically, and follow faithfully and patiently the guidance of those who are qualified to direct them, education would be greatly simplified, and more progress would be made in every way than, unfortunately, is generally made in our age, when young men imagine that they understand better than their teachers how to acquire that knowledge which

they do not yet possess, and which they expect their teachers to impart.

We trust our young readers will carefully consider these few suggestions, which, though perhaps not very scientifically proposed, are still sufficient to indicate the course which should be pursued by all who wish to succeed in acquiring a solid and useful education.

Our Visitors.

We regret that in the hurry necessarily attending the return of Students for the opening of classes, the College porter was unable to take note of all our esteemed friends who visited us during the past week; but amongst those who favored us with a visit, and further showed their confidence in Notre Dame and St. Mary's by placing their sons here as students and their daughters at the Academy, we had the pleasure of meeting the following: Mr. Tuberty and daughter, of Lafayette, Indiana; Mrs. Col. Dunbar and daughter, of Waukesha, Wisconsin; Miss Noel, a former pupil of St. Mary's, who came to place her little brother at Notre Dame; Mrs. Col. Kinzie, of Chicago, Ill.; Col. R. S. Moore and lady, of Havana, Illinois; W. J. Quan and daughter, of Chicago, Illinois; N. Juiff, of Detroit, Mich.; J. Graham, Chicago, Illinois; T. Maloney, Elgin, Ill.; G. W. Crummy and lady, Saint Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Taylor, Chicago, Illinois; J. A. Huck, Chicago, Ill.; Dean Swift, Elkhart, Indiana; H. A. Schnelker, New Haven, Indiana; W. C. Page, Ionia, Michigan; Hon. J. C. Fjedeldy and lady, Cincinnati, Ohio; F. Kline, Cincinnati, Ohio; M. Hoffman, Chicago, Illinois; S. Glickhoff, Chicago, Illinois; P. Dose, Hennepin, Illinois; Hon. O. Daugherty, Chicago, Illinois; Alderman K. G. Schmidt, Chicago, Ill.; Squire Carlin, Findley, Ohio; S. Wile, Laporte, Indiana; Myers Livingston, South Bend, Indiana; Mr. C. Tieset, linguist, and Mr. Charles Tieset, pianist and vocalist, Chicago, Illinois; Mr. McIntrie, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mr. Ohlen, Columbus, Ohio; J. G. Cannon, Tuscola, Illinois; J. J. Sutphen, Omaha, Nebraska.

THE list of Students will be given next week.

WANT of space prevents us from giving an account of our visit to SACRÉ CŒUR.

MR. RUMELY of Laporte paid us a short visit during vacation. He was engaged in putting in an engine in the buildings of the former M. E. college which the Messrs Studebaker now use as a furniture manufactory.

S. T. MONTGOMERY, Esq., the enterprising Editor of the *Mishawaka Enterprise*, paid a flying visit to this office on Tuesday. We were very glad to see him, and regret that his duties did not permit him to stay long enough to take a look through the Institution; but we hope to see him soon at Notre Dame again.

CLASSES have been resumed with vigor, and students as well as teachers seem determined that this session shall be profitably spent. The reports of the Director of Studies were too late for insertion this week, but a full account of the arrangement of classes, and other matters of interest, will appear in next week's SCHOLASTIC.

It will be gratifying to all of our readers who know Prof. A. J. Stace, to learn that he is once more at Notre Dame, where he resumes his beneficent labors as a teacher of the young, in which his experience of the past two years as a civil engineer, will, no doubt, add to his efficiency as an instructor. The Professor has evidently been benefited by the hardy life of a pioneer, and is looking remarkably well, which makes our hearts rejoice.

Notre Dame and its R.R. Connections.

We were not aware, until a late trip over the rails, that Notre Dame is the centre of a great network of railroads. The way our eyes were opened was thus: We had long been used to only one road for getting away from the College, and no matter whether we wanted to go North, East, South or West, we packed a pair of stockings, a shirt and a paper collar-box in a satchel, and sallied forth to Chicago, thence to take a new departure to the final point of destination. Having, however, to go to Fort Wayne when the days of vacation were waxing scarce, we made inquiries among our extensive circle of travelling friends and found we could go to Fort Wayne in almost a direct line, *via* Kendallville or Waterloo, two flourishing towns on the Air Line of the M. S. & L. S. R.R., at the former of which the Grand Rapids Road, and at the latter, the Saginaw Road, both rushing down from the watery and wooden regions of Michigan, cross the M. S. & L. S. R.R. and run convergingly to Fort Wayne.

Not to interrupt the quiet course of our elucidation of how we found out the net-work of railroads leading to Notre Dame, we shall say nothing of our trip to Fort Wayne, except that at Kendallville we met two old Students of Notre Dame, —Peltier and Mitchell,—the former married and living "ever afterwards" happy; and the latter having his hand in a sling—not married, as far as we could learn—as, game being scarce in that region and he, wishing to keep his hand in, had shot a hole through his thumb and fingers.

From Kendallville to Fort Wayne the distance is 26 miles—long measure. We made the trip in four hours on the Mixed Train, stoppages included. Having arrived in the youthful and pushing city, and transacted whatever of business we had, we thought of departing from it, and we sorrowfully anticipated another railroad ride at the rate of six miles an hour; but on making further enquiries—it is good to have an inquisitive turn of mind—we found out that we had the choice of any number of ways of getting back to Notre Dame, towards which, it seems, that all the lines of railroads in Indiana and the West, generally, tend directly or indirectly; and as it was formerly said that "all roads lead to Rome," and they still do, so now we may say "all railroads lead to Notre Dame."

We had our free choice of the following ways of getting back to Notre Dame by the Iron way:

1. To return as we came, on the Grand Rapids Road and take the M. S. & L. S. at Kendallville.
2. To reach the M. S. & L. S. by the Saginaw Road at Waterloo.
3. To take the Wabash Road and M. S. & L. S., *via* Toledo.
4. To take the P., Ft. W. & C. R.R. and M. S. & L. S., *via* Chicago.
5. Or, the P., Ft. W. & C. and P. Wee. R. and M. S. & L. S., *via* Plymouth and Laporte.
6. Or, the P., Ft. W. & C., the L. N. A. & C., the M. C. and N. & S. B. R.R., *via* Michigan City, Niles and St. Mary's.
7. The Wabash, the M. S. & L. S. and M. C., *via* Toledo, Detroit, Niles and St. Mary's.
8. Or, P. & Ft. W., H. D. C., the C. I. L., the L. N. A. & C. and the M. S. & L. S., *via* Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, La Croix and South Bend.

Other ways of getting home were pointed out, as already existing; and others in prospect, as soon as the Peninsular and the Baltimore and Ohio R.R. extension are finished, but we need specify no others at present except the

9, Which pleased us very much, which we were tempted to take, and which shows the variety to be found on the roads that lead to Notre Dame. The last route we shall mention is, to start on the Wabash R.R. to Toledo, thence on the M. S. & L.

S. to Buffalo, *via* Cleveland; from Buffalo to the centre of the earth, or Duluth, *via* the lake steamers, from Duluth to St. Paul, thence *via* the Mississippi to St. Louis, thence to Notre Dame, *via* Chicago and South Bend.

Unfortunately for us, we did not make a good choice of roads. We failed to profit by experience, and to remember a truthful saying we had often heard when we were young, that "the longest way round is the shortest way home." We inconsiderately chose the "shortest way round," and found it, in proportion to the miles, by far the longest way home.

We arrived home, however, to regret that we had not taken the last mentioned route; and we verily believe that the next time we find ourselves at a favorable distance from the College to take a swing around the circle, we will take the longest way round, and verify whether or not it is the shortest way home.

Latin Short-Hand.

O	Quid	tua
be	bis	bia
ra	ra	ra
es	et	in
ram	ram	ram
	i i	

Will some of our Latin students give the long-hand rendering of the above.

A Problem.

A farmer wishes to plant nineteen apple trees in nine rows in such a manner that there will be five trees in each row. He can't do it, and wishes to know if some of our geometers can furnish a plan for his orchard. Solutions of the problem will be received by the Editors of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

WE understand that Prof. Stace met Ike frequently during his engineering tour—in fact we have reason to believe that Adolphus, the hero of the "Gilded Barn" was no other than our identical "Ike." The readers of the SCHOLASTIC may expect to hear some "good things" of Isaac during the coming year, as the Prof. has an excellent memory.

ON Wednesday evening all the lovers of music at Notre Dame enjoyed quite a rich treat in the College parlor where Mr. Charles Tieset executed some extremely difficult pieces on the piano. Mr. Tieset does not play merely with that mechanical accuracy, necessary to all good execution, but with that refined appreciation of sentiment which shows a soul fully awake to the beauty of sound and harmony.

New Publications.

M. TULLII CICERONIS CATO MAJOR DE SENECTUTE, LELIUS DE AMICITIA, with explanatory notes. By Prof. E. P. Crowell, and Prof. H. B. Richardson, of Amherst College. Philadelphia: Eldridge and Brothers, Publishers.

This volume is one of the "Chase and Stuart Classical Series," and is indeed a fine edition. The text is in large, clear type, and printed on a superior quality of paper. The explanatory notes are clear and abundant, without being too extensive, and references are given to all the Latin grammars in use, and to other works of reference. We think the book well adapted for class use.

IN press, and to be ready about the middle of October. "The American Elocutionist and Drama-

tic Reader," compiled by Prof. J. A. Lyons A. M., with an original treatise on elocution and voice culture, in ninety-eight pages, by Rev. M. B. Brown. E. H. Butler & Co. Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa. We have seen the advance sheets of the treatise on elocution, etc., and feel safe in saying that it is equal to anything yet offered to the public—a more thorough and lucid explanation of the principles of elocution could not well be comprised in a smaller compass. We have also examined some of the selections and find them excellent—no piece is admitted that could in the least wound the religious sensibilities of anyone. We think this book is precisely what is wanted in our American schools and colleges.

A HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH FROM THE Commencement of the Christian Era to the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, with questions adapted to the use of Schools, by Rev. Theodore Noethen; Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., Publishers.

This work, already received with favor by the public, is now presented in a new form, admirably adapted to the use of history classes. It is provided with a most complete table of contents which renders it most valuable as a book of reference, and at the end of the volume we find a number of questions on each chapter successively, so full and comprehensive as to comprise the entire substance of the book. Those engaged in the management of schools should not fail to examine this work; they will find it admirably suited to the purposes of instruction.

REV. FATHER MAHER has still on hand a few copies of the "Silver Jubilee," containing a sketch of the history of Notre Dame up to the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation, and also brief biographies of all the officers and graduates of the institution up to the same date. All who wish to preserve a record of Notre Dame in a neat style should apply at once at the students office for the "Silver Jubilee."

ONLY A FEW COPIES LEFT.

Holly Water Works at Laporte.

We had the pleasure of visiting the Holly Water Works with an agreeable company, about eight o'clock in the evening, and of having the splendid machinery put in motion and its action explained by the gentlemanly superintendent, who never got weary answering the many questions put to him by our party.

On the 30th ult. the works were tested. A committee of machinists—one of whom was Mr. J. Rumely, well known as a practical and successful worker in iron—together with several of the members of the Common Council, and other citizens, were appointed to report proceedings. We have mislaid the Laporte paper, which contained a full account of the experiments; but the following brief account from the *Register* will give our readers an idea of the importance of these works:

"At 2:30 p. m., the trial commenced. Six streams were thrown on Main street, from six different hydrants, through one section of hose each, which reached an elevation of about 120 feet. After playing about forty minutes, two additional hydrants were opened, making eight streams in all. At four o'clock two streams were forced through 500 feet of hose. The final test was to be two streams through 1,000 feet of hose, but the main pipe near the works burst, which ended the display.

"The entire building is situated about half a mile from the Court-House, and is built of brick, making a large and fine looking structure. In the rear of the building is the filterer, the water, for domestic purposes, passing through a body of gravel before entering the pipes.

"The machinery, in brief, consists of two piston engines of seventy-five horse-power (one hundred and fifty combined), for general use, and a rotary engine of one hundred and fifty horse-power, in-

tended in case of fire or accident. We never saw machinery of such weight so easily controlled as this, Mr. Hamilton, the engineer, having it completely 'under his thumb.' He is master of the situation, and a courteous gentleman.

"The pumps, of which there are six, are so arranged that no two of them draw at the same time; the stream is therefore continuous. They are capable of delivering one million and a half gallons water per day, which can be increased if necessary. On the opening of a hydrant in any part of the city, the arrangements are such that an alarm whistle is sounded in the engine-room, which is immediately answered by the chime whistles."

Peninsular Railway.

The track of this road was laid across the bridge to the west bank of the river on Wednesday of last week, and on Thursday from seven o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon it was put down through the city to the western limits—over a mile in six hours. It was laid so quick that many, not aware of the fact, were greatly surprised on hearing or seeing the locomotive on our streets. A good joke is told of one man who lived just beyond the L. S. & M. S. Road, and south of the Peninsular. He started home to dinner, and not knowing the track was laid, on coming to it supposed it to be that of the first-named road, and that he had gone too far, and turned around and started back toward the city. The track is now laid to the intersection of the L. S. & M. S. Road, and will be pushed forward as fast as possible, reaching Valparaiso by winter. There is now iron enough on hand to lay twenty miles west of here. The Company will put a Y in here, and, for the present, run in connection with the Lake Shore, but the design is to press on to Valparaiso, and form a junction with the P., Ft. W. & C. Road from there to Chicago, in return for which that road is to have the privilege of running freight trains over the Peninsular from the junction with its northern branch at Brady, Michigan.

Regular trains will be put on, it is said, as far as South Bend on Monday next. A dinner and excursion are also talked of, but nothing definite can be ascertained.—*Register*.

The Lost Hat.

A SHORT TALE OF YOUTHFUL TRAVEL.

A young man on his way from New York to Notre Dame, last week, came as far as Toledo without accident. "The shades of night were falling fast" as the train left that flourishing city in the dim distance.

The young man, weary with two days' travelling, naturally felt sleepy, and just as naturally went to sleep. There was nothing strange or alarming in that, but as the night wore away and the train was approaching a station about forty miles east of South Bend, "a dream came o'er" the traveller: he was, he dreamed, accompanied by his sisters, and was just entering South Bend, where he was anxious to procure a conveyance at once, lest all the carriages should be engaged; just at this juncture the train stopped and the brakeman cried out the station; our young traveller got up and started for the outside of the car, bareheaded (for his hat had fallen off as he nodded). The conductor perceived him as the train was getting in motion, and called to him to get aboard. "No you don't," answered the youth, "I stop here!" He did stop there, and woke up just as the train disappeared in a cloud of dust. He boarded the next train, however, and arrived in South Bend safely, though less rich by the price of a hat.

A Good many tradespeople only give fifteen ounces to the pound. It is a *weight* they have.

[Communicated.]

A Trip to Waukesha, Wisconsin.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—While on a little visit in Milwaukee I met some dear friends, some of whom are well known to you and, of course, the first thought on their part was how to render my visit as agreeable as possible. Indeed I should have been well content to have spent the short time at my disposal with them, in their own city, but they took a different view of the case, and proposed a trip to the celebrated mineral springs at Waukesha, about eighteen miles distant from Milwaukee, to which proposal I at once assented.

Our party consisted of the following six persons: Rev. Father Baasen, Prof. M. A. J. Baasen, A. M., Mrs. General McManman and daughter, Miss Mary Shanks, and your correspondent. The trip from Milwaukee to Waukesha, though short, was exceedingly pleasant, and notwithstanding the clatter of the cars we managed to exchange a few thoughts with one another as we sped along the iron-belted highway. As might naturally be expected, much of our conversation turned upon the wonderful springs which formed the object point of our journey. I had heard of these springs before, but being somewhat slow to believe Cardiff-giant stories and tales of miracle-working springs, I was wholly unprepared to hear those who dwell in the very neighborhood, and in whose veracity I can place unlimited confidence, confirming all that had been previously told me of the healing powers of those waters.

But here we are at the Springs, dusty and warm after our ride. We had been but a few minutes on the ground when the royal-hearted proprietor of the place, Col. Richard Dunbar, came forward, and, shaking us warmly by the hand, bid us welcome to his health-restoring fountains. The princely hospitality of Col. Dunbar is too widely known to require any comment, and, moreover, I rather fear to say anything on the subject, for once entered on a theme so fertile, I would not know when to stop. I cannot, however, refrain from saying that in spite of that almost universal ingratitude of our race, which renders most men—even generously-disposed men—selfish, and with which the Colonel must have frequently met, he still seems never so happy as when bestowing favors and making his friends happy by his open-hearted affability and generous hospitality. But I must hasten on.

After exchanging greetings, and spending a few moments in pleasant conversation with the Colonel, we were next introduced to Hon. Solomon P. Chase, Chief Justice, and staff. I need not say that we were delighted with the company in which we now found ourselves, for all who know "the Chief," as the Hon. Mr. Chase is called at the Springs, are already aware of the inspiring effect which his presence has upon all with whom he comes in contact, while the members of his staff, young men of superior intelligence and culture, do credit to the taste and judgment displayed by the Chief Justice in selecting his immediate associates.

While at the Springs our scepticism in regard to the efficacy of those remedies which Nature furnishes ready for use, was completely overcome, for we saw the evidence of that efficacy in the staves and crutches abandoned there by invalids who had come wearily, unable to walk without support, but who went away cured and rejoicing and, I trust, "blessing God" for having imparted such wonderful power to the simplest of Nature's products.

I would earnestly recommend to all who suffer from any of those diseases for which these waters are recommended, to visit the Bethesda Mineral Springs, for I feel satisfied, from what I have heard and seen, that they will be restored to health and happiness by the use of those wonder-

ful waters. And those who seek for a brief relaxation from the serious cares of business, will find a visit to the Springs a most delightful and profitable means of recreation, as it proved to be to

Yours truly,
"W."

The White and Brown Bread.

A SPEECH.

In a meeting of Professors and Students held some years ago in San Francisco, L. G. C., then Professor of French, was called for a speech and delivered himself of the following effusion:

Venerable Co-laborators and Beloved Students:

I came here to listen, not to speak. My part, which was in conformity with my taste, has been, I may say, eminently successful; as a listener, I have been lucky beyond my most sanguine expectations. I have been delighted by the music of your strongly-accented native Anglo-Saxon, and I have heard many addresses delivered in so pure an English, that nobody enjoying them could suspect that there is such a thing in the world as brogue. Now you change my part—my happy lot; you call on me for a Franco-English speech. I am afraid, gentlemen, that the end of your meeting will not be so harmonious as it should be. Nevertheless, although surprised and unprepared, I am at your service. But allow me, gentlemen, to tell you that you remind me of fine, bright boys, who, revelling in the luxuries of a wealthy home, and eating every day white bread, become tired of their sweet fare and call for brown bread. Well, gentlemen, I can help you to some of that. I will give you but that; I will stick to brown bread; it will be the sum and substance of my address.

Your native English, with its brilliant literature, is indeed your white bread; you devour it rapidly and constantly, you digest it easily, and you get fat on it. But, beloved Students, this starch, sugar and molasses food is not the one which will make you stout. Your nature craves and your stomach needs—what? brown bread, that is, that severe but useful study of foreign languages. To a superficial or prejudiced observer, these languages seem to contain more bran than flour. But, be not deceived; the gluten is there; the gluten, that nutritive principle which will form your bones and muscles. You wish to be strong, heavy, as you say, on your native tongue. Very well, here is the French language that will let you know one-half of the origins of your tongue, and the German will discover to you the other half. The Greek will supply you with all the scientific terms you may need, and both Latin and Greek will give you the roots of the French and English languages. So if you eat abundantly and constantly of this substantial food, that is, our brown bread, you cannot fail to become not only fat, but stout and muscular.

It is useless to deny it, this age belongs to polyglot, because we cannot be monoglot. And this is especially true in this country of yours. Look at the flag of your nation sailing on every sea, greeted on the broad ocean by the banners of all countries, landing at every port, and trading with the world. You Americans extend at the same time your right hand to France, and your left to England, and so with other people around you; in fact you shake "all creation" by the hand, and repeat to all sorts of men your good-natured and business meaning salutation, "How do you do?"

Young gentlemen, if you are true sons of your sires you will continue, you will extend, these peaceful conquests. And how can you do that without speech? A dumb and deaf people is unable to control the world. Then learn to speak foreign languages. Be not contented with the pastry,

confectionery and candy literature of your country; take to the brown bread of linguistic science.

But here I find lurking on my way, an old proverb frequently quoted and generally misunderstood. They say: "Speech is silver, but silence is gold." Then, accordingly, it is better to be a dumb brute than a Demosthenes; then the learning not only of foreign languages, but of your own vernacular, is useless and even pernicious. Can it be so? No, gentlemen, the proverb is right but our understanding of it is wrong; the proverb is not absolutely but relatively true. Judgment is the touchstone which will prove and test the value of the metal which may be contained in our speech, or in our silence. Silence with judgment is gold. But speech with judgment is gold also, and silence sometimes becomes less than silver, less than iron,—it may become poisonous copper. Suppose that the Apostles, after the death of Christ, should have remained silent—would their silence have been gold? Suppose your mother or sister insulted by a foul tongue—would your silence be gold? So judgment must decide the case, and our study improving judgment teaches us not only how to speak, but how to be silent. Yes, gentlemen, judgment is especially nurtured, developed by linguistic exercise. Mathematics may form judgment, in a measure, and in the straight line of scientific pursuits, but experience shows that the comparative study of languages is the best means to regulate and direct minds in the crooked ways of the world, in the sinuous paths of private or public affairs. Diplomats and statesmen, successful lawyers and literary men generally live and prosper on brown bread.

And you, young gentlemen, to whom perhaps it has been too frequently said that you may become presidents of this republic, (I say too frequently, because the premium being so high and so far, nobody cares for a simply possible reward) I will not repeat that worn-out compliment. But I will say to you: Will you be a sound judge, an enlightened and enlightening editor, an eloquent member of the bar, a skillful physician, an intelligent agronomist a successful cultivator of natural sciences, exercise your mind by the intellectual gymnastics of classical linguistic. Will you be a strong man, mentally, morally, religiously speaking, eat our brown bread, and plenty of it. L. G. C.

Kicked by a Mule.

Jake Johnson had a mule. There was nothing remarkable in the fact of his being the possessor of such an animal, but there was something peculiar about this mule. He—the animal—could kick higher, hit harder, on the slightest provocation, and act uglier than any other mule on record.

One morning, riding his property to market, Jake met Jim Boggs, against whom he had an old, but concealed grudge. He knew Boggs' weakness lay in bragging and betting; therefore, he saluted him accordingly.

"How are you Jim? Fine morning?"

"Heartily, squire," replied Jim. "Fine weather. Nice mule that you have. Will he do to bet on?"

"Bet on? Guess he will that. I tell you, Jim Boggs, he's the best mule in this country. Paid \$500 for him.

"Great smash! Is that so?" ejaculated Jim.

"Solid truth, every word of it. Tell you confidentially, Jim, I'm taking him down for betting purposes. I bet he can kick a fly off any man without its hurting him."

"Now, look here, squire," said Jim, "I am not a betting character, but I'll bet you something on that myself."

"Jim, there's no use; don't bet, I don't want to win your money."

"Don't be alarmed, squire, I'll take such bets as them every time."

"Well, if you are determined to bet, I will risk a small stake—say five dollars."

"All right, squire, you're my man. But who'll he kick the fly off? There is no one here but you and I. You try it."

"No," says Johnson; "I have to be by the mule's head to order him."

"Oh! yass," says Jim. "Then probably I'm the man. Wa'll, I'll do it; but you are to bet ten against my five, if I risk it."

"All right," quoth the squire. "Now, there is a fly on your shoulder. Stand still." And Johnson adjusted the mule.

"Whist, Jervy," said he.

The mule raised his heels with such velocity and force that Boggs rose in the air like a bird, and alighted on all-fours in a muddy ditch, bang up against a rail fence.

Rising, in towering rage, he exclaimed: "Yass, that is smart! I knew your darned mule couldn't do it. You had that all put up. I wouldn't be kicked like that for fifty dollars. You can just fork over them stakes for it any way."

"Not so fast, Jim; Jervy did just what I said he could; that is, kick a fly off a man without its hurting him. You see the mule is not injured by the operation. However, if you are not satisfied, we will try it again as often as you wish."

"The dence take you," growled Jim. "I'd rather have a barn fall on me at once than have that critter kick me again. Keep the stakes, but don't say anything about it."

And Boggs trudged on in bitterness of soul, murmuring to himself, "Sold, by thunder, and kicked by a mule!"

THE typos are not the only ones who "harrow up our souls" and make things lively generally. Witness the following:

THE LORD, THE LADY AND THE MYSTERIOUS TELEGRAM.—The London *Court Circular* relates the following anecdote respecting a noble lady, who is young, beautiful and good:

During the Army-bill debate her noble husband, who is as proud and fond of her as he should be, was just about to rise and deliver a violent attack upon something or somebody, when a telegram was put into his hands. He read it, turned pale, and quitted the house, called a cab, drove to the Charing Cross station, and went to Dover, and was no more heard of until the next day, when he returned to his own home, and to his first inquiry was told that the Countess was in her room. He hastened to her and a terrific row ensued, the exact words of which no one knows but themselves. At last, however, he burst out, "Then what did you mean by your telegram?"

"Mean? What I said, of course. What are you talking about?"

"Read it for yourself," replied the still unappeased husband.

She did read: "I flee with Mr. — to Dover straight. Pray for me."

For a moment she was startled, but then burst into a heavy fit of laughter. "Most dreadful telegraph people. No wonder you are out of your mind. I telegraphed simply, 'I tea with Mrs. —, in Dover street. Stay for me.'"

His Lordship was so savage at the laugh he had raised against himself, that he was at first inclined to make a Parliamentary question of it, but listening to more judicious advice refrained.

THE chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently attempted; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulation of single propositions.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

RHYMING, CHIMING CORRESPONDENCE.

St. Mary's Academy, Sept. 7, 1871.

St. Mary's now presents a most animated appearance.

Happy meetings, joyous greetings,
Partings, welcomes, exclamations,
Parental counsels, protestations,
Tender tears and sighs, with loving good-byes,
New-comers looking with tender eyes
And unfeigned surprise
To see the old pupils come
With joy, as if to a happy home.
The groves and gardens are in richest attire,
And present an appearance that all must admire;
Comfort, neatness and elegance reign within doors,
And a kind, watchful care for each one seems
The means of success in acquiring with ease
The Arts and the Sciences. All that can please
Or enliven the pupils is cordially done
By each one around. Thus quickly they are won
From home-sickness; indeed, 'twould require a chronic
neuralgia
To make a girl at St. Mary's succumb to nostalgia.
The old pupils run with ardor and glee
The improvements to see,
And they open their eyes
With joyful surprise
To see back of the convent
New buildings arise
Three stories high, near two hundred feet long,
Massive strong walls,
Grand, spacious halls,
Airy, elegant light,
All things planned right
For comfort. "How proud we will be
In a few months to see
Our beloved *Alma Mater*, more spacious and grand
Than any Academy now in our land."

The pupils present a pleasing variety
Thoughtfulness, mirthfulness, gentleness, piety,
Archness, timidity, humor and gravity,
Impulsiveness, pensiveness, sentiment, suavity,—
All represented in those pleasant young faces,
Each one with her own special gifts and sweet graces,
Each mind and heart, plastic and warm
That the sculptors may form.

Noble, true woman, graceful, refined,
With hearts cultivated as well as the mind,
What a joy to behold their talents unfold,
What a pleasure to polish those virtues of gold,
And the gems of true genius to safely unearth,
And give them a setting befitting their worth.

On Monday the classes were all organized,
And the absentee pupils are hereby advised
To hasten their movements
And not to delay,
Or they will repent it at some future day.
The large number now present speaks well for the zeal
Of parents and pupils; for all seem to feel
The importance of being just up to time.
Now we will close this jingling rhyme
By saying we wish success to our lasses
In all their studies, labors, and classes.
Next week we intend the arrivals to send.
For want of a better, please accept this queer letter,
From Yours Respectfully,

STYLUS.

THERE is nothing more unfavorable to female beauty than late hours. Women who, either from necessity or choice, spend most of the day in bed, and the night at work or in dissipation, have always a pale, faded complexion, and darkly rimmed and wearied eyes. Too much sleep is almost as hurtful as too little, and is sure to bloat the person with a pallid and unwholesome fat. The diet also has a marked influence upon personal beauty. Indulgence in eating and drinking is fatal to female charms, especially where there is great tendency to "making flesh." Exercise also is essential to female beauty.

"WHAT is your business?" said a magistrate at a police court the other morning to a prisoner.

"I am an observationist, your worship."

"An observationist! What is that?"

"One who looks around in the day time to see what he can steal at night, if it please your worship."

It did not please his worship, and so he sent the observationist to prison for sixty days.

A GENTLEMAN trying to describe to a friend, the beautiful manner in which his *fiancé's* hair was arranged, said it was frizzled in front, and fricaseed and scrambled at the back.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

Founded in 1842, and Chartered in 1844.

This Institution, incorporated in 1844, enlarged in 1866, and fitted up with all the modern improvements, affords accommodation to five hundred Students.
Situating near the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana Railroad, it is easy of access from all parts of the United States

TERMS:

Matriculation Fee,	\$ 5 00
Board, Bed and Bedding, and Tuition (Latin and Greek);	
Washing and Mending of Linens; Doctor's Fees and	
Medicine, and attendance in sickness, per Session of five	
months,	150 00
French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew and Irish,	
each,	10 00
Instrumental Music,	12 50
Use of Piano,	10 00
Use of Violin,	2 00
Drawing,	15 00
Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus,	5 00
Graduation Fee—Com'l, \$5 00; Scient'c, \$8 00; Class'l,	16 00
Students who spend their Summer Vacation at the Col-	
lege are charged, extra,	35 00

Payments to be made invariably in advance.

Class Books, Stationary, etc., at current prices.
The first Session begins on the first Tuesday of September,
the Second on the 1st of February.
For further particulars, address

Very Rev. W. CORBY, S.S.C.,
President.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY, Notre Dame, Indiana.

St. Mary's Academy, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, is situated on the St. Joseph River, eighty-six miles east of Chicago, via Michigan Southern Railroad, and two miles from the flourishing town of South Bend.

The site of St. Mary's is one to claim the admiration of every beholder. It would appear that nature had anticipated the use to which the grounds were to be applied, and had disposed her advantages to meet the requirements of such an establishment. Magnificent forest trees rising from the banks of one of the most beautiful rivers in the Mississippi Valley still stand in native grandeur; the music of bright waters and healthful breezes inspire activity and energy, while the quiet seclusion invites to reflection and study.

We are happy to inform our patrons that we have, at length been able to realize a long cherished desire of opening a School of Design, where choice models in busts, chronos and oil painting in the different schools have been collected, and where full courses will be given by efficient teachers in all the various departments of Drawing and Painting.

For Catalogue, address
MOTHER M. ANGELS, Superior,
St. Mary's Academy,
Notre Dame P. O., Indiana.

DUNBAR'S Wonderful Discovery.

BETHESDA MINERAL SPRING WATER, OF WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN.

THIS Water is the acknowledged cure of many intractable and hitherto incurable diseases.

Reader, if you are afflicted with any of these diseases, and your physician not at hand, write to the undersigned. His advice will cost you nothing. He can by chemical analysis possess himself of a clear knowledge of any individual case, no matter of how long standing. His wonderful discovery—Bethesda Mineral Water—is a positive remedy for the foregoing ailments. It has never failed to do what he claims for it wherever used. This Water has the same good effect at the remotest part of the country it has at the Springs. It never loses a particle of its medical qualities by package or transportation.

Directions how to use the Water, and circulars will accompany each package ordered. Address,

RICHARD DUNBAR,
Director and Gen'l Manager at the Springs.
v5n1

The "AVE MARIA."

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL, particularly devoted to the Holy Mother of God. Published weekly at Notre Dame University, Indiana, encouraged and approved by the highest authority of the Church.

TERMS:

Life subscription, \$20, payable in advance, or by installments paid within the year.
For 5 years, \$10, in advance.
For 2 years, \$5, in advance.
For 1 year, \$3, in advance.
Single copies, 10 cents.
To clubs of ten subscribers, for one year, eleven copies of the AVE MARIA for \$25, in advance.
To clubs of ten subscribers, for two years, eleven copies of the AVE MARIA for \$45, in advance.
To clubs of twenty subscribers, for one year, twenty-five copies of the AVE MARIA for \$50, in advance.
The postage of the AVE MARIA is but five cents a quarter, of twenty cents a year, when paid in advance—either by remittance to the mailing office here, or paid at the subscriber's post office Address,
Editor AVE MARIA,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

Summer Arrangement.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.	
Leave South Bend 12 20 p. m.	Arrive at Buffalo 4 10 a. m.
" " 9 17 p. m.	" " 2 00 p. m.
" " 12 35 a. m.	" " 5 30 p. m.
Way Freight, 3 20 p. m.	" " 6 50 p. m.

GOING WEST.	
Leave South Bend 3 53 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 7 20 p. m.
" " 3 13 a. m.	" " 6 50 a. m.
" " 5 00 a. m.	" " 8 20 a. m.
Way Freight, 11 55 a. m.	" " 11 40 p. m.

Making connection with all trains West and North.
For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.

CHARLES F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Cleveland.
C. P. LELAND, General Passenger Agent, Toledo.
H. WATSON, Agent, South Bend.

CROSSING.

GOING NORTH—Express passenger, 4 20 a. m., and 7 30 p. m.
Freight, 4 05 p. m.
GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 11 13 a. m., and 6 20 p. m.
Freight, 4 50 a. m.

OLD, RELIABLE AND POPULAR ROUTE.

CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS LINE.

TRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

Day Express (except Sundays).....9.15 a.m.
Connects at Dwight with Trains on Western Div.
Joliet Accommodation (except Sundays).....4.10 p.m.
Night Express (except Sundays).....6.00 p.m.
Lightning Express (except Saturdays).....9.00 p.m.

General Ticket Office,

55 Dearborn Street, Chicago,

Where Passage and Sleeping-Car Tickets can be purchased, and all desired information as to Routes, Connections, etc., will be cheerfully furnished.

J. C. McMULLIN, Gen'l Sup't.
JAS. CHARLTON, Gen'l Ticket Agent.
v5n1

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York without change.

Direct Route to Baltimore and Washington City.

On and after June 1, 1871, the 9 p. m. train from Chicago arrives in New York at 11 20 a. m. the second day, 1 1/2 hour in advance of any other route, with corresponding reduction to Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Leaves Chicago daily except Saturdays and Sundays.

The 5 15 p. m. train from Chicago arrives in New York at 6 41 a. m. the second morning, 1 1/2 hour in advance of any other line. This train has an elegant Silver Palace Car running through between Chicago, Philadelphia and New York without change.

The 9 a. m. train from Chicago daily (except Sunday), with Pullman Palace Cars attached, through between Chicago and New York, without change, 3 1/2 hours in advance of any other route, and in time to make connection for Boston. No other line offers this advantage.

Trains from Chicago to Cleveland via Crestline and "Bee" Line, connecting at Cleveland with trains on the Lake Shore Railroad for all points reached by that route.

Connections made at Crestline for Columbus, and at Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

Passage and Sleeping-Car Tickets can be purchased at the Company's Office, 65 Clark Street, and at the Passenger Depot, corner Madison and Canal Streets, Chicago.

F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass and Ticket Ag't Pittsburgh.

W. C. CLELAND, Asst Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Chicago.

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.